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## THE RAIN PROPHECY.

But yesterday as the sun set red—  
A purple cloud beneath his royal head,  
We marked for the first time a tremor  
Thrilling in cadence soft and slow,  
And heard from the fence by the orchard lane,  
The voice of a prophet crying rain;  
"More wet!"  
"More—more wet!"

Wet was the world when the birds awoke,  
Wet was the world when the gray dawn broke,  
And drops were flung from each wind-stirred  
tree  
Like beads from a broken rosary.  
While sweetly whistled there came again  
This warning cry from a field of grain:  
"More wet!"  
"More—more wet!"

The gray clouds darkened and rain was spilled  
Till his globe by the walk were filled.  
Yet down where the buttercups had set  
Their golden drops in an amulet,  
Among meadow grasses, the silvery strain  
He piped as one who could not refrain:  
"More wet!"  
"More—more wet!"

When rains were ceasing both far and wide  
We sought the one who had prophesied:  
"Tare! orchard and meadow and field went wet,  
Yet never a prophet could we see;  
But hark! there sounded as we were fair  
To turn and reckon our scorching rain:  
"More wet!"  
"More—more wet!"

And perched aloft on a mossy rail  
Beyond our pathway a saucy quail,  
With slim throat swelling and large eyes  
bright,  
Paused just to whistle as taking flight—  
To sweetly whistle of coming rain  
And make prophetic mystery plain:  
"More wet!"  
"More—more wet!"

—Farm and Home.

## A LUCKY BURGLARY.

"I would rather be a newspaper reporter than do any other work, uncle."

"You are sure that you would prefer to be a clerkship in the bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, if you are fixed in your purpose, Edward, I don't see what there is to prevent you from succeeding in that work. But first, of course, you must get a situation."

"I shall visit the newspaper offices to-day for that purpose."

"I hope that you may succeed, my boy, and I will do all that I can to help you forward."

"Thank you, uncle. You are very kind."

The above conversation was held on the morning of Edward Maxwell's seventeenth birthday, in the library of his uncle, James Maxwell, President of the Banking House of Maxwell, Gass & Co., one of the substantial business establishments of Chicago.

Two months before, through the death of his father, Edward had become an orphan. Edward's father had been a hard-working farmer, and when he died he left but little of this world's goods to his son and only child. Edward's uncle took a friendly interest in his nephew and when he was graduated from the Academy of Grahamstown, he insisted upon his becoming a member of his family. Mr. Maxwell offered to give Edward a college education, but the boy had a strong desire to become self-supporting and he declined his uncle's offer. Mr. Maxwell's next proposition was that Edward accept a clerkship in the bank. Edward had long entertained the thought that he should like journalistic work and he finally told his uncle that he preferred it to clerical work in the bank.

He was a bright, active boy, possessing a practical education and enjoying perfect health and, besides he had a strong determination to win. When, a short time after his uncle left him in the library, Edward set out upon his search among the newspaper offices for a situation, he had but little doubt that he would easily secure one. The result of the day's work almost crushed his naturally hopeful spirit. He visited a good many offices and from each one he was dismissed with the assurance that his inexperience was against him.

The editors said that newspaper work of to-day was not what it was ten years ago. Then, any man who could write pretty fair English and was willing to obey orders was well enough equipped to enter the profession. Now, the competition between newspapers for public patronage had become so keen and the desire for exclusive news grown so strong, that only those men who were experienced in news gathering, who could readily judge the importance of a news item, and who were capable of following up

a clue to a piece of news with all the stealth and strategy of a born detective, were desirable or at all reliable, and of such men there were a good many in the field.

"It's hard work, young man," said one white-haired editor, kindly. It's the hardest kind of work. You'd better take my advice and keep out of the business. It is much easier to win success in some other direction. His advice strengthened Edward's determination to succeed in what he had undertaken and he continued his quest. The last office he visited was that of the Morning Chronicle. It was late in the afternoon and when Edward entered the managing editor's room he found that gentleman busily engaged in examining a pile of manuscript. He proved to be a person of friendly disposition and a matter-of-fact manner.

Edward made known the object of his visit.

"You want to be a reporter, eh?" inquired the man, eyeing the boy narrowly. "You've got the physique and, judging from your face, the brains for the work, but have you the experience?"

Edward replied that he had had no experience.

"There are a good many bright young men in the profession, young man," said the managing editor, "but there is room for more and if you will, somehow, prove your fitness for the work, I don't hesitate to say that the Chronicle will furnish you with employment. Bring us a piece of legitimate news, something exclusive, that has required shrewdness and energy to ferret out, and we will pay you for it."

Edward walked toward his uncle's house with a heavy heart. To get a piece of exclusive news of importance while there was an army of alert reporters in the field seemed an impossibility. That evening Edward told his uncle of his poor success.

"Don't become discouraged too easily, my boy," said Mr. Maxwell, kindly. "Something may turn up in your favor yet. While you are about town keep your eyes and ears open. You may get a clue to something that will lead up to a situation."

Edward felt grateful for his uncle's encouraging words and he began to feel hopeful again.

A little later Mr. Maxwell, who was reading the evening paper, said pleasantly: "Here's an opportunity for you now, Edward."

"What is it, please?" Edward asked.

"Here's a long account of two heavy burglaries committed last night," replied his uncle. "The residences of two wealthy West side citizens were entered and jewelry and money to the value of several thousands of dollars taken. A large reward is offered for the capture of the burglars. Now, Edward," said Mr. Maxwell, good-naturedly, "here's a chance for you to make a name for yourself. Capture the burglars and get the reward."

Edward smiled with his uncle at the proposition, which had been made in a good-natured, bantering spirit. When Edward retired that night he found that the account of the burglaries read by the uncle had impressed him more deeply than he realized and with the thought of self-protection he placed a revolver under his pillow. When he slept at last, it was to dream of gloomy newspaper offices, austere editors, tiresome flights of stairs and vain endeavors to secure exclusive news.

He suddenly awoke from these dreams to find a current of cold air rushing across his face. He saw by the dim light shed by the street lamps that the window of his sleeping apartment was open. While he lay struggling to assure himself that he was really awake, and not dreaming, he became conscious of some one moving stealthily about the room. He turned his eyes in the direction of the sound and dimly saw the dark shape of a man standing by the dressing case. For a moment the man stood in an attitude of listening, then he cautiously opened a drawer.

Edward realized the situation and decided to capture the burglar if possible. Cautiously, for fear of alarm-

ing the man Edward moved his hand toward the pillow, the while breathing heavily to give the burglar the impression that he was sleeping soundly. The man noiselessly opened the drawers of the dressing case one after another and rummaged their contents for anything that was valuable. Edward finally reached the revolver, and drawing it from under the pillow aimed it at the burglar who was kneeling on the floor with his back to the bed.

"Hold up your hands or I'll shoot," suddenly said Edward.

The startled man sprang to his feet and turned toward the bed. In the dim light of the lamps outside he saw Edward's outstretched arm and the revolver. He quickly raised his hands above his head. Keeping the man covered with the revolver and watching him narrowly, Edward got out of bed and lit the gas.

"I reckon you got the best of the game," said the burglar, doggedly.

"That appears to be the case," answered Edward. "You will oblige me by standing just as you are for a while. If you make any movement to escape I shall certainly shoot you."

"That's encouraging," said the man. "What do you intend to do with me?"

"Deliver you up to the police as soon as I get my clothes on," replied Edward.

It was slow work dressing and keeping the burglar under his eye at the same time, but Edward finally finished the work and opening the door into the hall, ordered the burglar to move out.

The man hesitated.

"Move!" said Edward firmly, raising the revolver to a level with the man's nose.

"I can make it worth while for you to let me go," said the man nervously, still standing.

"Go into the hall!" said Edward sternly.

"How would a couple of diamonds suit you?" asked the burglar, stepping slowly in the direction of the door, all the while eagerly watching Edward's face.

With this question came a thought to Edward. "You've got diamonds, have you?" he asked.

"Will you let me go if I'll show you two as handsome as you ever saw?" asked the man who had an idea that he had struck a weak spot in the boy's nature.

"I'll think about that later," replied Edward. "Put your face to the wall and flatten yourself out against it. Don't forget that I shall shoot you if you move."

The burglar's face wore a puzzled look, but he saw that Edward meant what he said and he doggedly went up to the wall and flattened himself against it. From behind Edward proceeded to search the pockets of the burglar. He found several pieces of jewelry, among which were a diamond bracelet and a gold watch. Both of these articles were apparently of great value. In examining the bracelet Edward found engraved on the inside the name of one of the North side citizens, whose residence had been robbed the previous night.

Edward's suspicion that he had captured a man for whom the best detectives in the city were searching was verified, and with this knowledge came the thought that he might possibly turn the apprehension of the third into a piece of exclusive news. He glanced at the clock on the mantle. It was 4 o'clock. The plan was worth trying anyway, and thrusting the watch and bracelet into his pocket he advised the burglar to walk quietly into the hall. The man did as he was bidden, and with a small hand lamp in one hand and the revolver in the other Edward followed him down the hall. At the lower extremity of the hall was a door that opened upon the attic stairs. Edward opened the door and ordered the burglar to pass up.

With a puzzled expression the burglar climbed the stairs and in obedience of Edward's orders walked to the further end of the attic, where there was a small room built for the purpose of keeping furs and valuable winter garments during the summer. Edward opened the door of this room

and told the man to enter. He did so and the boy quickly closed the door and securely fastened it. The thief was as secure against escape as if he was lodged in the tomb. Quietly letting himself out of the house Edward made his way to the Chronicle office as quickly as possible. He had a considerable distance to go and when he arrived at the entrance to the Chronicle building he met the managing editor just leaving. The last edition of the paper was being run off and the working force had, nearly all, left the building.

The editor recognized Edward, who told him that he had something of importance to say to him.

Edward began his account of the adventure with the burglar, but before he had half finished the editor told him to come to his office. When there the remainder of the story was told and as proof that the account was true Edward exhibited the watch and bracelet.

"We'll publish an extra," said the managing editor. Then the speaking tubes began to sing. The managing editor ordered the presses stopped. A remnant of the force of compositors who had remained in the composing room to make up their "strings" were rallied to the cases.

"Maxwell," said the managing editor to Edward, "write an account of your capture of the burglar as rapidly as you can. Make a plain statement of the facts and whenever you can ring it in that the work was done by a member of the Chronicle staff do so, for there's a desk for you in this office from now on."

Stimulated by his good fortune Edward fell to work and wrote a very creditable account of his adventure.

The story was quickly put into type, the stereotypers made the necessary plates and in less than three-quarters of an hour after Edward's arrival at the Chronicle office, the presses in the basement were once more thundering and the newsboys were struggling to get the first copies of the extra edition that announced, exclusively, the capture of a much-wanted burglar by a member of the Chronicle staff.

Edward felt very proud when, a half hour later, he conducted a police sergeant to the store room in the attic of his uncle's house and turned the thief over to him. The sergeant was inclined to be ill-humored and censured Edward roundly for not reporting the capture of the man to the police first, but he had no redress, and Edward's conscience gave him no trouble over the matter.

That morning at the breakfast table Mr. Maxwell said, "A good many people don't know how to appreciate good fortune when it falls upon them. I think, however, that you do, Edward, and I have faith in your complete success in the profession you have chosen."—Farm and Home.

## Use for Solidified Gas.

Since the time when the solidification of carbonic acid was effected in such a manner as to render it of commercial use, it has been adapted to a multitude of useful purposes. Two fresh instances are reported by the French journal, *Le Genie Civil*, of the extensive sphere opened up to the application of the frozen gas. By its aid butter can be preserved, without in the least interfering with its taste or general properties. The process of preservation consists in placing the butter in an iron vessel or can provided with a pipe and tap, by means of which the carbonic acid is injected under a pressure of six atmospheres, and drives out the air. In this condition the butter will remain fresh for four or five weeks. The second instance is one in which the carbonic acid is forced into whey to the point of saturation, and converts that liquid into a refreshing and agreeable beverage, which "fizzes" like champagne. The carbonated whey can be inclosed in syphons like ordinary mineral waters, and will remain fit for use for the next six weeks.

Is a woman pretty and sympathetic enough, she can get almost any man to tell his secret grievances against his wife.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

HERE is no religion in a whine. A COAT of paint adds no warmth to the house. FAITH never goes home with an empty basket. If we run from lions we will never hear angels sing. THE devil's claws are often covered with white gloves.

A FOOL is sure to tell who he is by the questions he asks.

MAN'S doubt of God makes angels wonder. (Luke 1, 19.)

THE day is sure to come when the devil's money will all burn up.

WE please God most when we are most anxious to be like Christ.

NO man ever sinned in deed who was not first sinful in thought.

GOD'S promises are heaven's banknotes, made for circulation on earth.

EVERY man lives in a glass house into which somebody is always looking.

NO MATTER how good the gun is, it is wasting powder to shoot at the moon.

THE great thing about influence is that it sets forces in motion that will never stop.

THE selfishness of man is probably the ugliest thing upon which angels ever have to look.

DON'T put much dependence in the religion that tries to advertise itself in a shop window.

THE heart of man never finds out what real joy is until Christ begins to rule and reign in it.

YOU can find a hundred people who are courageous where you will find one who is patient.

THERE is something wrong with the Christian who never gets happy outside of prayer meeting.

IF the devil ever rubs his hands with satisfaction it must be when a hypocrite joins the church.

THERE is many a wife whose husband belongs to church, who never suspects that he has religion.

IF God could forgive his enemies without repentance, nothing could keep the devil out of Heaven.

HOW much bigger it always makes us feel to look at other people through the large end of the telescope.

THERE are men who occupy high positions in the church, at whom the devil has never thrown a single stone.

IF some people were birds, they would sit down in the dust and complain that their wings were a heavy load.

THERE is many a wife hungering for an occasional word of approval who will be buried in a rosewood casket.

THE man who will deliberately break one of God's commandments, would break down the gates of Heaven if he could.

WHEN a particular man marries a poor housekeeper, it takes a good deal of love on both sides to make their home a happy one.

IF we had as much charity for the faults of others as we have for our own, the desert would soon become a flower garden.

## Washing Liquor.

The following is a good laundry preparation, and is sold in some quarters at a fancy price per gallon: Soda ash, in fine powder, four ounces; oil of citronella, one fluid ounce; paraffin oil, one gallon. Shake the citronella with the paraffin oil, then add the soda ash and dissolve; add two tablespoonfuls of this mixture, and one pound of soap to each boilerful of clothes.

## A Gentle Hint.

Mr. South—I'll buy some of those new scarfs you so much admire if you refer me to somebody to tie the knot. Miss North—Why don't you see our pastor?—Clothes Weekly.

## AN ORIENTAL BUNCO GAME.

How Nadir Shah Gained a Jewel He Coveted.

One of the cleverest and yet most simple bunco games ever accomplished was worked by Nadir Shah, a robber, who became King of Persia, and subsequently conquered a great part of India about a century and a half ago. During his progress through the latter country he defeated the Tartar King of Delhi, and after appropriating everything in sight, he graciously offered to reinstate the fallen monarch as his representative and vassal.

The King accepted with alacrity, and the two swore eternal friendship, and service and protection respectively.

An elaborate ceremony was arranged to celebrate the event, and the Tartar chief made his appearance at the proper time, dressed in all the magnificence he could muster, but there was that about him which made the conqueror start, for, blazing in his turban was a diamond such as Persian eyes had never looked upon before. It was in fact no less than the famous Koh-i-noor, or mountain of light.

Nadir Shah was overcome with mortification and regret that he should have left such a gem in the King's possession, but he could not consistently plunder the man whom he had just promised to protect.

At last an idea struck him. There was an ancient Oriental custom of exchanging turbans as a token of amity.

Nadir at once put it into practice. He removed his own handsome headgear, and tendered it to the other. The Tartar could not refuse this mark of condescension, and so he reluctantly accepted Nadir's turban, handed over his own, and the mountain of light passed away from Delhi forever.

## She Got a Special Train.

Perhaps it is because she is colored that Miss Lily May Tucker, a professor of the divine art of cookery at Quogue, L. I., knows her civil rights. Any way she sustained one of her rights where strong men would merely have sworn ank walked. Wishing to go from Quogue to Riverhead by way of Manor, Miss Lily asked for a ticket by that route. The ticket was supplied to her and she paid for it. Then she boarded the train and rode to Manor, but was there informed that the train which last summer ran from Manor to Riverhead was not running this season. Right there is where a mere white man would have made a feeble exhibition of his inferiority of the color and her sex. But Lily, she just looked over the station agent, and said:

"You mean it has not been running, young man. It's a-going to run, 'cause I've got a ticket that calls for my transportation from Manor to Riverhead, and I'm going by that route."

Then she sat down on a bench and let the station agent walk the platform. After a while he went into his office and telegraphed something to somebody. When he got an answer he went out and looked at Miss Lily's ticket. Then he telegraphed some more and some more was telegraphed to him. Then he went out again, wiping his brow, and said that if Miss Lily insisted upon going by the route called for on her ticket a special train would have to be made up to carry her. Miss Lily made answer:

"I ain't a 'sisting; I'm just waiting here for that train what's going to take me to Riverhead."

And the train was made up and Miss Lily in her lonely majesty was transported to Riverhead, as per her ticket.

## Bijou Jeweled Shoe-Buttons.

It is not unusual now to see silver or gold shoe-buttons on the latest French boots. These are not of course, put upon walking boots—but on those for carriage, reception, or house wear, when the boot is of velvet, satin, or brocade. In some of the French shops jeweled shoe-buttons have appeared, such as turquoise, amethyst, garnets, and other stones, set in silver or gold.